

Per.
v. 14

THE LADIES' WREATH AND PARLOR ANNUAL.

— NEW-YORK: —
BURDICK AND SCOVILL
Nº 3 SPRUCE ST.



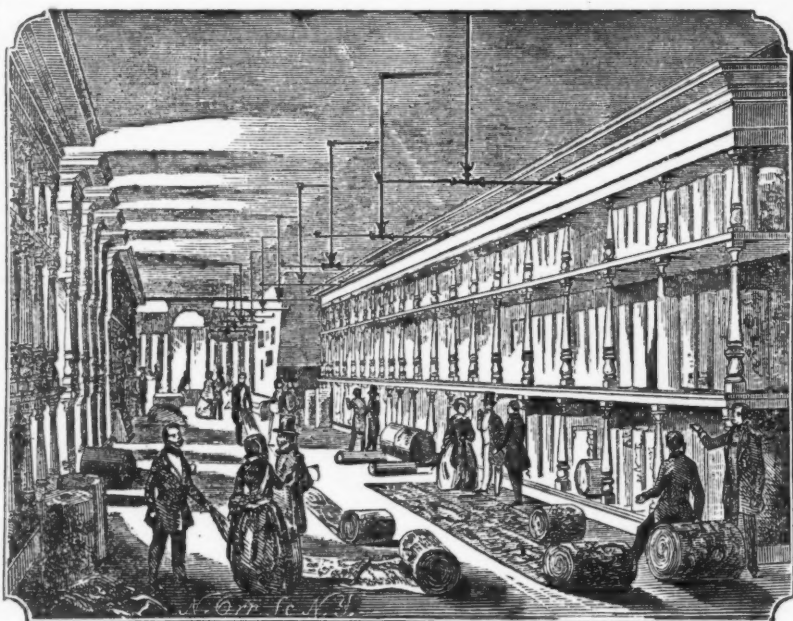
LOCAL AGENTS.

A. J. JOHNSON, 235 Congress Street, Portland, Me.
GEORGE W. BRIGGS, Boston, Mass.
DANIEL K. FAIRBIS, Andover, Mass., and vicinity.
R. R. MARSH, 33 State-street, Portsmouth, N. H.
J. G. CHASE, Providence, R. I.
GEORGE F. CARTER, 42 Horse-st., New Haven, Conn.
WM. P. SMALLHORN, Hartford & Middletown, Ct.
JOSEPH HALE, JR., Essex County, Mass.
J. ROCKWELL, 108 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. B. WILCOX, Syracuse, Oswego, Utica, &c., N. Y.
ARIEL WAGER, Troy, West Troy, and Lansingburgh.
MRS. JANE C. TUCKER, 174 Lumber-st., Albany, N. Y.

E. S. WILLIAMS, Auburn, Canandigua, &c., N. Y.
GEO. EDGSON, 134 Church-street, Newark, N. J.
FRANK KENNEDY, 377 Coates-street, Philadelphia, Pa.
V. B. MCGAHAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.

As our list of COMMISSIONED TRAVELING AGENTS is large, we do not give their names. They all have Certificates of Agency, signed by the Publishers.



PETERSON & HUMPHREY,

524 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

HAVING removed to their MAGNIFICENT NEW STORE, in the *Marble Block*, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, are now prepared to exhibit to their friends and the Public the most complete assortment of

RICH AND ELEGANT CARPETING

ever offered in the City Their facility for displaying their Goods enables Purchasers to see what they are buying, which is a great desideratum in this great Metropolis. Their Stock consists of **Rich Mosaic Carpets**, which defy any one to describe. The Public are therefore respectfully requested to examine their Stock, which will be freely shown at all times.

Rich Mosaic Carpets in one Entire Square,
RICH MEDALLION VELVET CARPETS,
 Rich Velvet Aubusson, Axminster Carpets, Tapestry, Brussels, 3 Ply,

AND ALL OTHER CARPETS FOUND IN CARPET STORES.

TOGETHER WITH A LARGE STOCK OF

RICH AND ELEGANT OIL CLOTHS,

AND ALL CHOICE GOODS USUALLY FOUND IN CARPET STORES FOR SALE ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS

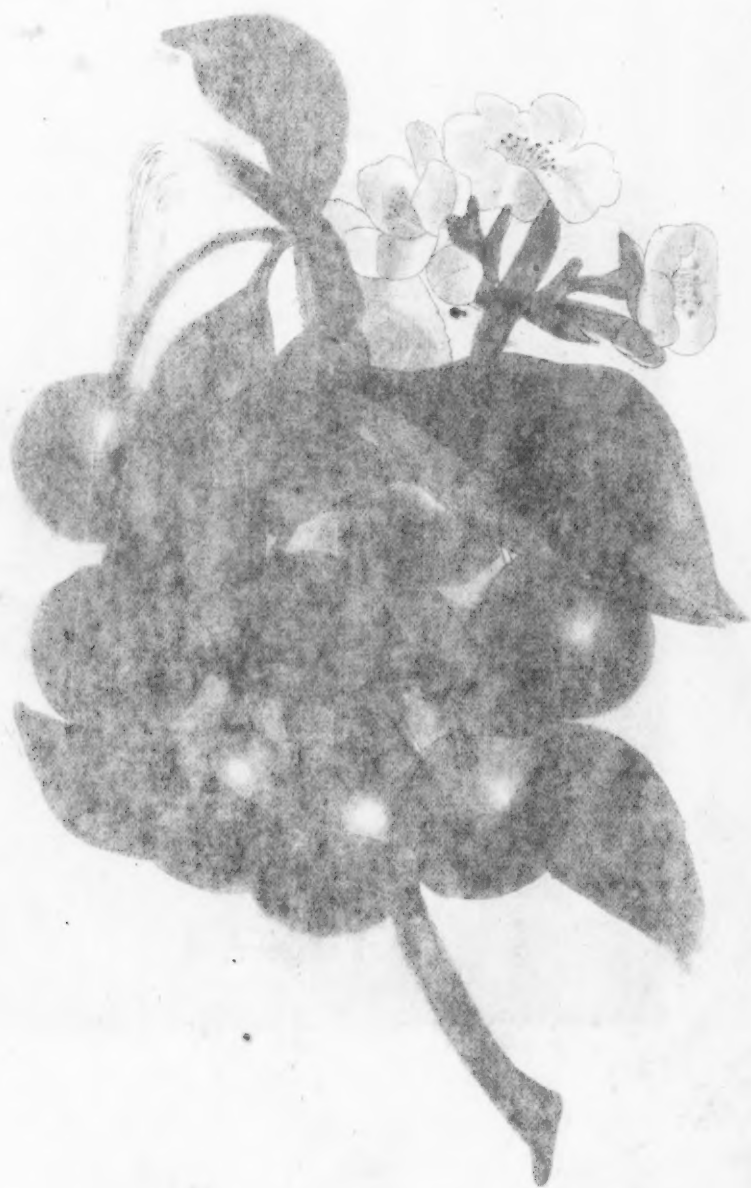
N.B.--HAIR AND SPRING MATTRESSES MADE TO ORDER.





*"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon;
and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon."*

Joshua X. 12



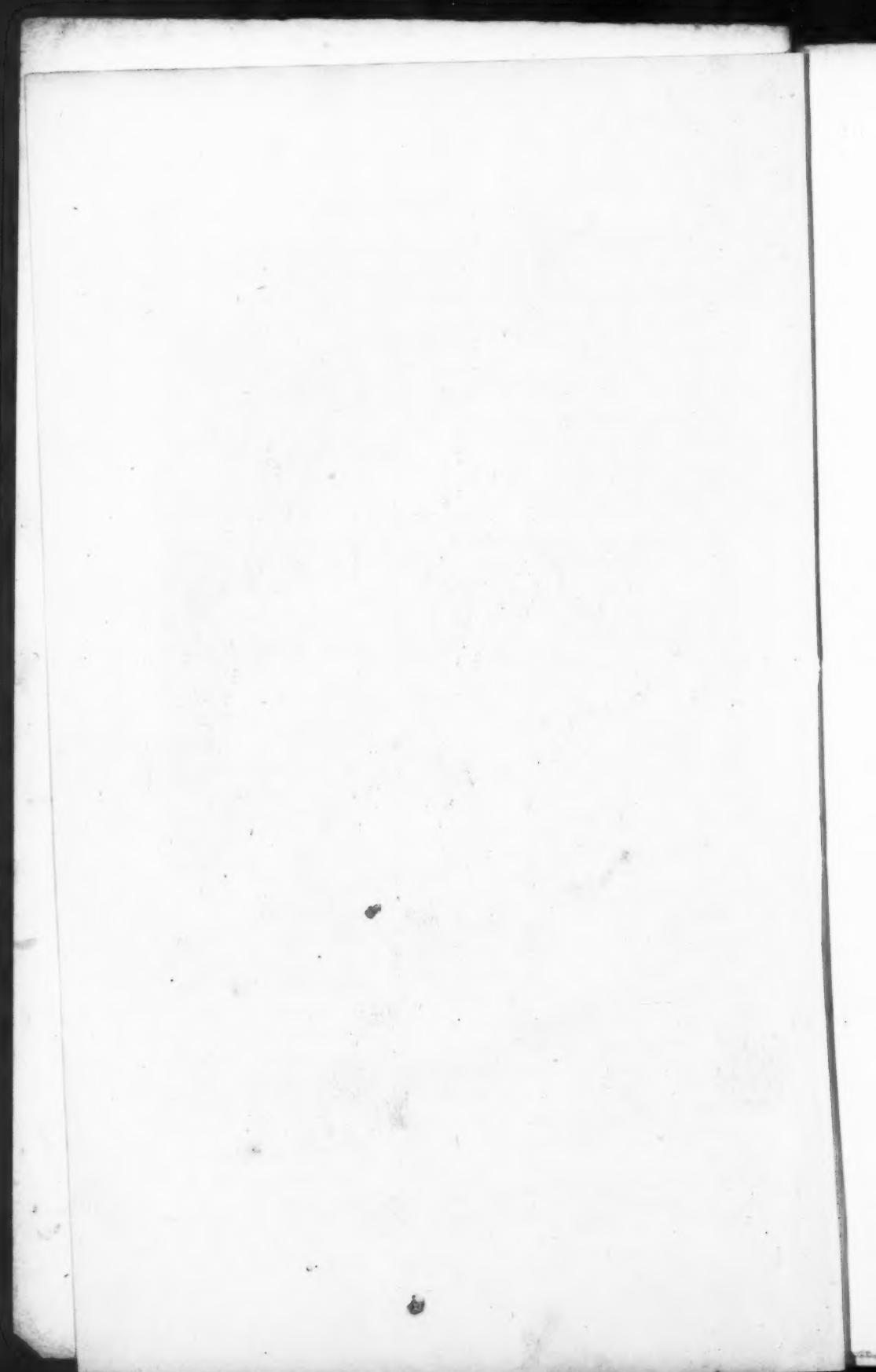
English Cherries.



*Woman in traditional dress
standing in the valley of Tashkent*



English Cherries.



THE POCKET BOOK.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

HENRY looked steadily and searchingly into the face of Mr. Grey, as if he would inquire if this were the true reason of his discharge. It was now his employer's turn to quail before that searching glance ; for his conscience told him that he was not dealing truly and honestly with his clerk. Another awkward silence ensued, which was broken by Henry, who said,

"Have you not been very abrupt in this dismissal, Mr. Grey ?—Surely you might have given me a few days' notice, and an opportunity to seek another place."

"Perhaps I should have spoken of it before ; but I felt reluctant to mention the subject. You can remain a few days, if you like ; but I hope you will find another place soon."

Henry left the store at once. After wandering about for two or three hours without any definite object, he returned to his boarding house. As it still wanted an hour of the time when they usually returned to dinner, Henry was much surprised to find Charles in his room. Charles appeared equally surprised to see Henry enter.

"Has Mr. Grey served you in the same manner that Mr. Cook has served me ?" he asked.

"I think it probable that we have both been served very much alike, and from the same cause," replied Henry.

"What reason did Mr. Grey assign for discharging you ?"

"He said that business was dull, and he did not require so many clerks."

"Just about as near the truth, no doubt, as the reason which was given for my dismissal. It is a shameful business from first to last ; that is all I have to say about it," said Charles, indignantly.

"It is certainly very unfortunate," replied Henry, more quietly.

Several days were spent by the young men in unavailing effort to find employment. Charles became very desponding.

"I declare it is too bad ! It is altogether unbearable," he said.

"We might as well have taken the money, as to have the name of it."

"Why, Charles ! I am sure you can't mean what you say. If we had taken the money, we should have committed a great sin ; but now, though we suffer, we have done no wrong in the matter—and

there is an eternal difference between doing right and doing wrong. The consciousness of integrity and innocence is worth incomparably more than a pocket-book crowded with bank-bills."

"I don't know about it, Henry. I want a kind of riches more tangible. I was always taught that, if I was honest and upright, I should be sure to procure the respect, esteem and trust of my fellow-men. If we can't have the name of being honest, I don't see very much use in having the thing itself."

"I was taught," replied Henry, "to love and do right for its own sake under all circumstances; and I was warned that cases might arise in which doing right would even seem to hazard my temporal interests. I bless my mother now for these counsels. I little thought how soon they would be needed."

"But, Henry, I know young men in this city, whose morality and even honesty are more than questionable, who still retain places of trust and honor, while we, who have been so honest and upright, are turned out to starve, for aught we know, or return home in disgrace."

"We have not seen the end yet, Charles, either as regards these young men or ourselves. Don't be so desponding. Let us hold fast our integrity; and though dark clouds may hover over us now, a brighter day may perhaps soon dawn."

The same day, Henry met young Butler in the street again.

"It has turned out as I feared it would," he said. "It is too bad—altogether too bad. I am very sorry."

"It is a hard case for us," replied Henry.

"Well, I don't see after all as you young men who square every word and action by line and plummet, make out any better than we who live a little more free and easy."

"Actions are not always to be judged of by their immediate consequences in this deranged, inconsistent world of ours; but if we do right, we shall have the present reward of conscious integrity and innocence."

A half-sarcastic smile played on the features of Butler, and a sarcastic reply arose to his lips. Had he given it utterance, he would have said, "You preach finely, Henry; and, as you are out of other employment, you had better follow this business." But he did not say it; for he had particular reasons for wishing to obtain the good will, and cultivate the friendship of Henry at this time. After a moment's silence, in a tone expressing kindness and sympathy, he said,—

"I am very sorry that matters have taken such a turn; but I hope, as you say, that all will end well."

"Thank you," said Henry, half coolly.

"By the way," added Butler, "I think time will hang rather heavy, now that you have such a superabundance of leisure. If you and Charles are disengaged this evening, I will call round and see you."

"Very well; you will find us at home."

As evening closed in, Henry remarked to Charles—

"I met young Butler in the street to-night, and he said he would come in and see us this evening."

"Did he?—I am glad of it. Butler knows how to render himself very agreeable."

"He does, indeed. But I wish he was different in some respects. I never feel quite at ease in his society."

"Why not?"

"I don't think him a safe companion. His principles are too loose."

"Well, for my part, I begin to think there is no use in being so very particular. If Butler don't toe the mark according to our ideas exactly, he seems to get along very smoothly; much more so than we, with all our steadiness and honesty, which does not avail us much after all."

"I think, Charles, you take a wrong view of things. You seem not to value virtue and honesty at all for its own sake, but only as a means of obtaining credit from your fellow-men."

Charles was about to reply, when they were interrupted by a knock at the door and the entrance of Butler. He spent most of the evening with them, and gave new proof of the truth of what Charles had said, that he knew how to render himself very agreeable. The evening passed pleasantly and quickly in his society. On rising to go, he promised to call again soon and spend another evening with them. This promise he fulfilled, and the second evening was spent as pleasantly as the first. When about leaving on this evening, he said—

"I will call in to-morrow evening, and bring you a book which I think you would like to read."

"Butler is a good-hearted young man," said Charles, after he had left them. "He has manifested more kindness and sympathy than any other young man of our acquaintance."

"He seems very friendly, certainly," replied Henry; "but somehow I can't divest myself of a feeling of uneasiness and a sense of danger when in his society."

"I think you do him injustice."

"Perhaps I do."

The next evening Butler called in with the book. When invited to sit down, he said—

"No, thank you; can't stay. I have an engagement this evening. I wish, however, you would go with me."

"Where?" asked Charles.

"Where you will spend the evening very agreeably, and will find quite a number of respectable young men to bear you company.—You must be very dull with so much leisure time on your hands."

"But I wish first to know how the evening will be spent in the circle which you invite us to join," said Henry.

"Well, we resort to some innocent amusements, of course, to pass away the hours. Come and see for yourself what they are. Should your judgment of them differ from ours, you shall not be urged to join us. There can be no harm in looking on, you know. Come, go with me, both of you."

"Let's go," said Charles, rising from his chair. "I vote to go.—I am sure there can be no harm in it just for once."

Henry rose also, and stood for a moment irresolute. He had formed active business habits, and he did indeed find it very dull to be out of business with so much time on his hands. He felt a desire for some species of excitement, such as he had never felt when steadily employed.

"What harm can there be," he said to himself, "in looking on just for once? If I don't like what I see, I am not obliged to go again."

"Come, Henry," said Charles, "come, go with us."

It was a moment fraught with peril to the young man; but at this critical juncture, memory unlocked for him one of her choicest caskets. The words "Come, Henry!" suddenly awakened a train of recollections. He saw his mother sitting before him. He listened once more to her parting counsels. He heard her say, "Should the principles of Charles prove too weak to resist the allurements of city life, and should he turn aside and say to you, 'Come, my friend, go with me!' I charge you to recall this warning, and say to him, 'no!'" "Yes, mother, I will say no," Henry mentally responded, as he again resumed his seat. To Butler and his friend Charles he said,—

"I cannot go with you," in a manner so quiet and firm that they ceased to urge him.

"Well, I shall be back early," said Charles.

"I wish you would not go, Charles," said Henry, entreatingly.

"Come, you must not interfere with Brown," said Butler. "He has as good a right to judge for himself as you have."

"I think I will go this once," said Charles, as he followed Butler out of the room and closed the door.

But, after Charles had left, Henry felt sad and lonely. Thoughts of home filled his mind, and he longed for the companionship and sympathy of loved ones there. "I will go to the post-office and see if there is not a letter from home," he thought. He arose and took up his hat, but as he laid his hand on the latch of the door, he said,

"This is foolish. They never write until they have first heard from me, and I have not written since my return."

He took off his hat, and again seated himself. But thoughts of a letter from home still haunted him, and again he took up his hat and left the room, saying,

"There will be no harm in enquiring, at all events. I may as well be spending my time in this way as any other."

In answer to his enquiry, a letter was handed him. It was from home, and in the hand-writing of his dear sister. He placed the letter carefully in his pocket, and rapidly retraced his steps to his boarding-house, saying to himself,

"How greatly does Charles undervalue the work of conscious integrity and innocence. Had I indeed been guilty of the act, the suspicion of which rests upon me, how should I feel to-night with this letter from my gentle, pure-minded sister resting against my bosom! How heavy would have been its light pressure, and how disinclined I should have been to hasten home to peruse it, as I am now doing."

As soon as Henry reached the room, he opened the letter and read :

"DEAR BROTHER—I think of you so much, and miss you so much since you left us, that I cannot longer forbear writing, though it is contrary to our usual custom to dispatch a letter before receiving one. Every thing is out around the house : animate and inanimate seems to miss you. Poor Fido has looked decidedly grave since you left.—Every time he passes through the little back hall, he looks up at the old coat which you left hanging there, as if he wished his master would come back again and put it on. There are others besides us who miss you too, if I am not mistaken. I know at least of one pair of blue eyes which suddenly droop when you are spoken of ; while the lily cheeks beneath them mantle with a blush most decidedly becoming when your name is mentioned.

"I cannot tell how much I enjoyed your late visit. It was such a joy to find you so unchanged. And so you will ever remain. My heart tells me this, my noble, true-hearted brother. I feel that I can trust you—that no act of yours will ever crimson my cheeks with shame."

Here Henry's eyes became blinded with tears, and he could read no further.

"How precious," he exclaimed, "is the consciousness that I have committed no act for which my sister need blush. How should I feel to-night if it were otherwise! How would every line of this letter from my pure, confiding sister, burn into my soul as a condemning sentence! Oh, tell me not that the consciousness of integrity and innocence is nothing worth!—It is more precious than gold or rubies."

Charles returned late instead of early, that evening. He found Henry locked in quiet and peaceful slumbers; but sleep hardly visited his own pillow that night. The next morning Henry asked Charles if he spent the last evening pleasantly. Now Charles had been quite undecided whether or not he should inform Henry how he had spent the evening. But he never hid a secret from him, and he had made up his mind to tell him all.

"I spent it profitably, at all events," replied Charles, taking out his pocket-book, and displaying a roll of bank-bills.

"Where did you get them?" said Henry, quickly.

"Don't be alarmed; I did not steal them," said Charles, blushing in spite of himself.

"Did you win them at the gambling table?" asked Henry seriously.

"I did."

"Oh, Charles! how could you? Don't you know you are entering upon a fatal path? Proceed not one step farther, I entreat you."

"Perhaps I have gone too far—certainly much farther than I intended when I left you last evening. But I was led on to do it almost before I was aware. It shall be the last time, I assure you, Henry. They let me win last night, no doubt, to induce me to come again; but they may not have a chance to win it back so speedily as they think they shall. What you said about Butler is true, every word of it, though I thought you judged him hardly.—He is not a safe companion."

"I am very, very sorry you went, Charles. I feared no good would come of your going out with Butler to spend the evening; but I did not think you would go astray so far."

"Now, don't take it to heart so much, Henry. What is past can't be recalled, you know; but I won't go out with Butler again. I will proceed no further in such a course as this. I don't approve of it more than you."

Charles spoke earnestly and seriously, and he meant what he said. Henry saw that he was sincere, and he hoped, though he trembled for him. That afternoon, when Mr. Cook—in whose employ Charles had been for the last eighteen months—went home to dinner, his wife mentioned several articles which she wished him to send home from the store. "I want them immediately," she said. "Can't you send home young Brown with them as soon as you go back?"

"Brown is not in my store," was the reply. "He left me last week."

"Left you! for what reason?"

"I discharged him."

"Why did you discharge him? I thought he gave very good satisfaction."

Mr. Cook related to his wife the story of the pocket-book, and his consequent distrust of Charles.

"Have you not been too hasty, husband?" said Mrs. Cook. "It is very likely that Charles is innocent after all, and if he is, it is indeed a hard case for him!"

"I know it. But there is so much dishonesty now-a-days, that one must keep a sharp look out."

"But, poor Charles! If he is honest, it is so hard for him. I believe, too, he has no father. How his poor widowed mother must feel. Supposing our son should be left fatherless, and should be turned out of employment, and subjected to all the temptations of idleness in a large city, on an unfounded suspicion of dishonesty."

This was touching the father's heart in a tender place. It was also presenting the subject in a different light from the one in which he had viewed it. Mr. Cook sat lost in thought for several minutes. He then said—

"I believe you are right, Mary. We business men are so filled with business cares and perplexities, and have to view things from this stand-point so constantly, that we are in danger of looking upon every transaction only in a business point of view. We are in danger of forgetting to measure our actions by the great law of love to God and man."

"Has Charles found employment?"

"I believe not."

"Why not take him back then? Deal openly and truly with

him. Tell him why you discharged him, and that you regret having withdrawn your confidence for a floating rumor."

"I will do so. I never really believed it myself, but I thought it best to be on the safe side—and in my selfish inconsideration I never paused to think how hard it was for him, if he was innocent. I will see him to-night before I return home."

During the afternoon a gentleman, well known to Mr. Cook, entered his store. After some conversation, he said—

"You have discharged Brown, your youngest clerk, have you not?"

"I have."

"On account of the story of the farmer and the pocket-book, I suppose."

"That led me to distrust him, but I was hasty. I don't believe he ever took the money. He gave very good satisfaction while with me, and I think I shall take him back."

"I don't think you would be wise to do so."

"Why not?"

"I think it not unlikely that he took the money."

"What ground have you for thinking so?"

"A young man who will gamble, will be very likely to steal."

Mr. Cook started. "Brown don't gamble, surely," he said.

"He resorts to gambling houses."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Yes."

"How did you obtain the information?"

"I must confess that I was acting somewhat in the character of a spy when I obtained it. I had reason to think that a young man in whom I have some interest visited the place. While watching to detect him, I saw Brown enter with Butler."

"With Butler! that looks bad. Butler's character for morality is not above suspicion. It looks dark for Brown. I think I must change my purpose regarding him." And Mr. Cook did change his purpose. He did not seek Charles that afternoon or any subsequent one.

The search for employment was continued some days longer by the young men, until both became quite disheartened. Henry was a member of a Bible-class. On the first Sabbath after his dismissal from Mr. Grey, his teacher observed that his countenance wore a troubled expression. On the second Sabbath this was still more apparent, so much so, that his teacher was induced to detain him after the rest of the class had left, to learn the cause.

"You look sober, my young friend. Does any thing trouble you?" he kindly inquired.

"Yes, sir—I am in trouble," was the frank reply.

"Well, call upon me to-morrow evening, and tell me all about it. If I can counsel or assist you in any way, it will give me pleasure to do so."

"Thank you. I will call."

Henry kept the appointment, and laid before Mr. Howard a candid statement of the difficulties in which he and his friend were involved. This gentleman listened attentively, and promised to do what he could for him and Charles also.

Henry heard no more from his teacher during the week, until Friday noon, when on going to his room he found on his table a note from him, requesting him to call that evening with his friend, as he had good news to communicate. It was not late in the evening when Henry and Charles stood before the door of Mr. Howard's dwelling. He informed them that his first step had been to write to the landlord of the public house where the occurrence had taken place, to obtain what information he could from him. His statement of the facts agreed entirely with that which had been given by Henry. To this he added his own firm conviction of the innocence of the young men, and expressed his regret that the report had reached the city, and proved injurious to them. After receiving this letter, Mr. Howard's next efforts were directed to finding employment for them. He succeeded in interesting two benevolent men, merchants in the city, in their behalf, and they had agreed to take them into their employ. "I will introduce you to your new situations Monday morning," said their kind friend.

Henry and Charles were much relieved and very grateful. As they returned home Henry said, "Did I not tell you that a brighter day would dawn by and by? I have but one fear for you now, Charles."

"I know what has awakened that fear, Henry. But do not be uneasy on my account. Now I am on the track once more, I don't intend to turn off; certainly not, if the world treats me civilly."

"I don't like that *if*. You will never be safe, till you resolve at all events to do right, let the world treat you as it will."

The young men gave good satisfaction in their new situations.—The winter and the ensuing summer glided pleasantly away. During the summer they again visited their native village, and the visit was a very satisfactory one to all parties. For many months after their return to the city, all things went on smoothly with our young friends.

But during all this time Butler had not remained inactive. When he led Charles to the gambling-house, and induced him to take the first step, he thought he was sure of his prey, and he was disappointed that his intended victim had apparently escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowler. He was not, however, a man to be discouraged and turned from his purpose by many failures. In various ways he tried to gain an influence over Charles, nor were his efforts without success. Unconsciously to himself, Charles yielded more and more to this influence. At length, in an evil hour, he was once more persuaded to visit a gambling house, though he positively declared that nothing should ever induce him to play again. But once within the charmed circle, this resolution was overcome, and he consented to take a share in the game. Now this place had become known to several influential citizens, as a place where not a few young men of respectable families had been lured on to ruin, and they were very desirous that it should be suppressed. It was at length planned that the mayor of the city, with several officers, should visit this place of resort on a certain evening. It chanced that this was the same evening on which Charles was lured thither by Butler.

Scarcely had he seated himself at the table, when the door was suddenly opened, and to the consternation of all present, the officers entered. As no egress was permitted, the young men were obliged to confront their detectors face to face. Several young men were found there from the most respectable families in the city, whose parents never dreamed that their sons were guilty of such a thing. To spare the feelings of friends, the officers promised not to expose them, if they would pledge themselves not to visit a similar place again. But the same leniency was not extended to Charles. One of the officers, at least, had some knowledge of the unfavorable report regarding him, which was in circulation a year before. The affair made a good deal of stir, and it soon became generally known that Charles was one of the number. This, with the revival of the old story of the pocket-book, reached the ears of his employer, and occasioned his discharge. Not finding it easy to obtain employment there, he soon left for another city.

We will pass over a period of several years. Henry is now a prosperous merchant in the same city where he was so long a faithful clerk. The old rumbling stage occasionally bears him to and from his native village. As it passes the brick house, no fair hands withdraw the snowy white curtains to look after it ; for Lucy May is now by his side, his gentle and loving wife. His is the quiet

happiness of fond affection at home, and general esteem abroad.— His cherished sister loves him as well, and is more proud of him than ever.

But what has been the history of Charles during these years? and where is now his home? Alas, his only home is now a prison. Possessing good business talents, he soon found a profitable situation in the city where he sought employment. While enjoying the constant society of Henry, the high, virtuous principles of the latter had been as a wall of defence to him, but this protection and restraint was now removed. He mingled occasionally with unprincipled associates, at first but seldom, but after a time more freely. The next step was to join them in many of their practices. As he still retained a respectable standing, he reasoned that there was no use in all this particularity, as he got along quite as smoothly without it as with it. But he did not realize how rapidly descending is the course of vicious indulgence after the first few steps are taken.

Scenes of dissipation, and occasional heavy losses at the gaming table, placed in his path strong temptations to dishonesty. He first yielded to these temptations very cautiously, but escaping detection, he grew more and more bold. His delinquences were at last discovered, and Charles found himself arrested, tried, condemned, and the inmate of a prison.

After two years of his imprisonment had expired, Henry, while spending a few days in the city, was persuaded to accompany some friends on a visit to the prison. On entering the large hall, they found a little group waiting there for the warden to conduct them, to the different apartments where the prisoners were at work. As Henry fixed his eyes on an elderly man in this group, he started at recognizing in him the very individual whom he and Charles had encountered at the tavern so long before, and from whose unfounded suspicions they had suffered so much.

As they were about to visit the different apartments, Henry stepped up to the warden, and said—"I believe there is a man confined here by the name of Charles Brown."

"There is."

"In our youthful days we were friends. I think it would give him pain to see me here, and I would avoid such a recognition. Will you point him out to me when we enter the apartment where he is, that I may pass by him unobserved?"

The warden promised to do so, and when they entered the room where Charles was at work, he pointed him out to Henry, who was careful not to place himself where he should be observed by his old friend. As the farmer passed before him, Henry watched to see if

Charles recognized him, and he observed him give a start of surprise, which showed that he did.

After the visitors had returned to the hall, the farmer said to the warden—"There is one thing I don't understand. I am sure I never knew any of the prisoners here, and yet one of them certainly recognized me as I passed by."

"I think I can explain this mystery to you," said Henry, stepping up to him. "Do you remember encountering two young men, some years since, at a tavern in —, and having them searched on suspicion of stealing your money?"

"I do remember it."

"Well, one of these young men was myself, and the other was the prisoner who just recognized you. And I am sorry to say that this act of yours had no small share in bringing him here." Henry then went on to relate the connection between this act and the first step in the downward course of Brown.

The farmer was deeply affected as he listened to this oration; for he was an honest, well-meaning man. As soon as he could command his feelings, he said, "My pocket-book I found soon after. I placed my coat under my pillow, at the public house where I staid the night before, and it seems the pocket-book slipped out, and was left in the bed. The honest landlord advertized it, and the advertisement meeting my eye, I recovered it. I then regretted that I had not followed the landlord's counsel. Could I have known the serious consequences that followed, I would have repaired at once to your city, and contradicted the reports in circulation."

"Had you done so," replied Henry, "you could only have partially repaired the injury done; for the report would have reached the ears of many who would never have heard of its contradiction. We are all liable to err in a similar way, and it should teach us caution. A young man's reputation is of priceless worth to him. Poor Charles! his principles were not firm enough to withstand the temptations thus thrown in his path."

Charles, during his prison-life, was led to reflection. He saw that the great error of his life had been, that he had not loved and practiced virtue for its own sake. He was led to take new views of things, and to adopt a new and better principle of action. But these new principles were not destined to be fully developed here. A blight had fallen on all his earthly hopes, and God in mercy took him from the years of evil to come. He soon passed into a rapid decline. In consideration of his situation, and some mitigating circumstances connected with his crime, his term of imprisonment was shortened, and he was permitted to return to his native village to die.

A YOUTH DREAM.

~~~~~  
BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.  
~~~~~

He stands alone in his beauty,
That early love of mine,
With the purest face and the noblest grace,
Of all the souls that shine
On the portraits fair, in Memory's hall,
With sunlight and shadow over them all.

He stands alone in his beauty :
I dream, and I see the Rhine
Sweep o'er the plain, as I stand again
With that young, dear love of mine.
As we stood that sunny morning,
When the ocean storms were past,
And our eyes ran o'er that still green shore,
To which our souls had gone before,
Ere we lived our dreams at last.
And the Rhine rolls slow, with a chiming flow,
And a flash of amethyst just below,
Where the castle shadows lean,
With the grim old towers, and the vineyard bowers,
And the rugged rocks between.

And I see him stand in his beauty,
With his softly waving hair,
With the heaven that lies in his dreamy eyes,
And the grace of his youth so rare ;
And he murmurs ever entreatingly,
"Come hither, come hither, oh, love with me,
Down the silent tide our bark shall glide
Through the smiling lands to a far-off sea,
To the far-off, dim Eternity."

He stands alone in his beauty,
And the blue Campagna lies
In the sweetest prime of its golden clime,
Before my dreaming eyes.
We sit as we sat together,
On a terraced hill-side green,
And the musical spell of the shepherd's bell,
And murmurs of melody round us swell
And the blue skies o'er us lean.

And we look on Rome with its crowning dome,
 As we saw it in dreams in our far-off home;
 And the olive-boughs sway to and fro,
 Dreamily, dreamily, murmuring low,
 In the soft blue mist of the breathless noon,
 And the tinkling fountain murmurs a tune
 To the rippling silver stream.
 And my love and I, 'neath the deep blue sky,
 Talk of the Roman lovers' dreams,
 And the days when the Roman eagle furled
 Its dusky wing o'er half the world.

He stands alone in his beauty,
 And this dream is with me ever,
 And I hear the dirge of the restless surge,
 As he stands again on his Life's green verge,
 On the shore of Death's dark river—
 And folding his hands on the bosom
 Where my brow may lean no more,
 He passes away, in the brightness
 Which streams from a distant shore.

And now as the years roll downward,
 To the solemn strand of Time,
 I look before to a brighter shore,
 And I hear a distant chime,
 A murmur of wings, and of golden strings,
 And snowy robes in the distance blue,
 And purple pinions flutterings
 The clouds of the sunset through—
 And I seem to see a pale pure face,
 With its well-remembered smile and grace,
 But sweeter, purer, holier far,
 To worship, as one might worship a star.
 And so in that perfect beauty
 Which has won its crown divine,
 I think of thee, as I yet shall see
 Thy smile, young love of mine.
 And if ever the world's gay voices,
 My soul from its trust would win,
 I look before to a brighter shore,
 Where the better years begin,—
 Where the new bright life, with Heaven and thee,
 Flows on to vast Eternity.

As there are some faults that have been termed faults on the right side, so there are some errors that might be denominated errors on the *safe* side. Thus, we seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too humble; but we often repent having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

LIVING WITH AN AIM.

BY FANNY P. LAUGHTON.

How few there are who have a purpose in life which reaches beyond the present day, or the present year ! How few, who cherish the resolve to make themselves great, in the purest sense of the word ; who strive after something more than daily bread and worthier than fleeting enjoyment ! We hear, on every side, people sighing, " Alas ! we must die," but who cries " We must live ! " Yet life is more than death, for it is eternal. Death is a momentary change, a gateway through which we pass from field to field of existence, but from life there is no escape. We must live ! And how we shall *live* should be the care of our souls, more than how we shall die.

The wise Goethe says, " A useless life is a lingering death."—How many there are dying by such slow degrees ! So to a fruitful, useful life, there is, there can be no death, but continual growth and strength to the spirit, which, when it has fulfilled its work here, passes into other worlds, to new and higher labors. We make our own eternity. Day by day we are planting seeds which will spring up for our immortal gladness, or we are sowing tares which will choke all the healthy growth of the soul, and make the existence which might have been so glorious, a heavy burden.

If we would accomplish any thing in life, we must have an aim. We need a good purpose, a noble impulse, which shall inspire the soul with fresh courage when it is weak and fainting, and kindle new hopes from the ashes of disappointment.

There are some who are called to peculiar works ; who are empowered from childhood with a peculiar gift, which it is their highest duty and highest pleasure to use for the blessing of the world. Such are poets, painters, sculptors, artists of every kind ; and these are said to have genius, which is one and the same thing with inspiration. They have no need to look around and ask what they shall do with life, for, moved by the power which is within, yet beyond them, they *must* work and give to the glowing images of their thought, life and form. Yet even the richly gifted may waste or misuse their heavenly powers.

They hear the voice of God's angel, but pay no heed to its command ; and, as there is no life more beautiful than that of the artist who uses his glorious gift, whatever it may be, for the benefit of the world, so there is none more degraded than that of him who per-

verts his sacred treasure, idly neglecting its culture, or making it an instrument of evil.

There are some who do great works for humanity. These are the world's heroes, the memory of whom is holy in human hearts, long after their voices cease to be heard ; but they are few in number ; like the century plant, they blossom but once in a hundred years.

What aim remains to those whose life is past in retirement, who take no share in the great works of earth ? Because they cannot make themselves illustrious, shall they sink into a life which is only breathing ? There is neither honor nor satisfaction in such existence.

All can live for self-culture—a blessed preparation for a higher sphere. To one is given five talents, to another but one ; yet he who makes the most of his one talent, is as worthy of honor and reward as he who uses wisely a greater treasure. All can seek earnestly for knowledge, and strive to develop to their fullest bloom the germs of wisdom within them. All can gather some new thought daily from the wayside—some new flower for the crown of life. And far happier, far greater are they who make the most of their lowly lives, than they who in wealth and sloth, waste their days in vanity.

All can live to do good. Not every one can be a Howard, but each can add something to the welfare and happiness of the human family. It may be but words and smiles which you can give, a word of consolation, or a smile of approval ; but give it freely, and make it your *aim* to give. Thus day by day shall your heart grow larger, your mind nobler, your soul richer in true happiness. Strive with the angel of life, and he will surely bless you.

T E A R S .

BY S. C. MERRIGATE.

Tell me not, Stoic, tears are not for men !
 He wrongs his soul who proudly scorns to weep.
 Joy's unseen exhalations from the deep
 Of man's great heart go up, till dimmed has been
 Life's sun, then fall in dewy tears again,
 Nursing the fruits a brighter hour shall reap ;
 But long held back, affliction's flood shall sweep
 All joy away, as tempests sweep the glen
 When the big clouds come down with tameless leap
 Say not the soft tear is unmanly, then,
 Since nature's law has made it good to weep ;
 For, best in sorrow learns the soul to keep
 Its birthright of high virtue ; and the heart
 Its white love's rose unstained in every part.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

BY INEZ.

MOSES had ascended the height of Pisgah, and looked for the first and last time upon the land of promise. Just as all he had hoped and labored for, seemed about to be accomplished, he died ; and at this time Joshua is first mentioned in sacred history. For many years the leader and counsellor, the very *soul* of Israel, his life was crowned by miracles, wonderful even in that age of wonders.

Called by the voice of God himself, consecrated by Moses who "laid his hands upon him," Joshua took the guidance of the chosen people at the most interesting period of their history. The forty years' sojourn in the wilderness was past, the weariness and pain of travel were over, and they, at last, rested on the borders of that river whose other bank was the entrance to the promised land. Here was performed the first of the miracles which distinguished the life of that great leader.

The last impediment which lay between them and their longed-for possession was the river Jordan ; and to them, in those strange, simple days, it presented no slight barrier. How could such a vast multitude, without implements to construct vessels, and wholly ignorant of mechanical art, how could these old men, feeble women and children, footsore with long journeying, hope to cross these intervening waters ? They would have utterly despaired, but their new leader, with the voice and authority of a prophet, walked among them and bade them have courage, for in three days they should pass over the Jordan.

The specified time elapsed, and behold ! in obedience to the directions of Joshua, the priests, twelve in number, bearing with them the ark of the covenant, stepped fearlessly into the waters of the river, followed by the people. When their feet were dipped in the waves, the waters miraculously rose and divided, forming a wall on either side, and leaving a dry path until all were safe on the opposite shore. The last trial, by the especial aid of God, was overcome, and the Israelites stood upon the promised land.

But their labors were not ended although their home was reached. The land was inhabited by enemies who must be conquered before the chosen people could be in actual possession, Now was Joshua's wonderful power as a leader in war as well as in peace, fully manifested. With unflinching courage, undaunted perseverance, he

attacked city after city, engaged in battle after battle, everywhere gaining new victory for his people, new glory for his God.

It was in the battle with the Amorites, a neighboring people who were making a desperate attempt to destroy the God-sent strangers, that one of the most wonderful miracles in holy record was performed. In the midst and confusion of the battle, Joshua called upon God to hear him, and before all the people commanded the sun and moon to stand still in heaven.

"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon!"

This prophet voice, so awful in the majesty of its command, in the sublimity of its faith, was heard in heaven, and the sun and the moon stood still, until the great battle had ended in the triumph of the Israelites.

Can imagination conceive a sublimer spectacle! The very sun pausing in heaven, to see the enemies of God destroyed, and adding the supernatural brightness of his beams to the glory that day won for God and for Israel!

Of the many lessons to be derived from the contemplation of this miracle, the most important is, that God battles on the side of truth and right—that He is present with his people, and hears and answers the cry of faith. Well may they exult in time of sorest trouble, whose trust is built on such a God!

The days of miracles are past. We, looking far back into that age when God stood face to face with man, see, as it were, another world. All is changed. We pride ourselves upon our superior wisdom, our progress in knowledge, in arts, in power, but where now is that zeal which faltered not, though impassable waters divided it from its object—waters which must be smitten by the arm of God before they could be crossed? Where now is that mighty faith which in sternest and severest trial, grasped the very power of heaven without hesitation or distrust?

Say not that such faith and zeal are no longer needed. Many a fierce temptation, and more than one habit of evil, grown by excessive indulgence to giant stature, stand between us and our promised rest. No approximation to a pure and holy life can be attained without a daily warfare against foes without, and passions within, more dangerous to our peace than a host of Amorites. The Sun of our strength is ever high in the heavens; but there are those who stumble even at noonday, and grope in darkness seeing no light. If we would walk as children of the light and of the day, we must have the same faith which stayed the sun upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon.

AT EVENING.

~~~~~  
BY HELEN BRUCE.  
~~~~~

SILENT I sit amid the soft, faint shadows,
Slow creeping up behind the dying day—
About me whisper the green leaves of summer,
And waves the rip'ning grain, as if in play.

From my hot brow the cool hands of the Evening,
Smooth off, with gentle touch, the lines of care,
And her calm, drowsy breath stills all the tumult
Within my breast, soothing the captive there.

The murmur of the Sea comes faintly to me,
To Evening's Voices the deep undertone—
Peace broodeth o'er the earth, breathes in the twilight,
And tenderly it makes my heart its own.

The chirping crickets all around are singing ;
The moon rolls slowly up the eastern sky ;
Leaves and the moonlight make strange, fitful shadows,
Which in weird shapes come creeping, gliding by.

The gentle kine come gravely from the meadows,
And gaze upon me with their serious eyes,
While I, enthralled by tranquil, sweet enchantment
Read dreamily their quiet reveries.

Before me tower in pride my native mountains,
Their dark sides covered deep with woodland wealth—
Or frowning bend in rocky, grim defiance,
Or softly sloping down in graceful stealth.

Like a rich painting, through the soft, clear moonlight,
Gleams the broad river, flowing toward the sea,
And the white village, nestling close beside it,
Silent and calm, in deep security.

Like Eden's scenes are these mine eye beholdeth,
Music like that young Eden knew I hear ;
No orient clime more glowing charms unfoldeth—
And yet I dream of things more sweet—more dear.

I dream of him, whose pictured face before me,
Looks from its frame, with such dear, haunted eyes,
That the sweet power the Present wieldeth o'er me,
Yields to the Past's enchanted memories.

THE EARLY LOST.

Oh! pictured Face, this shadowy hour of even,
 Lends to thy beauty, beauty still more rare—
 'Till I can hardly deem that one from heaven
 Could seem *to me* more glorious or fair.

I look on *thee*, and with warm impulse springing,
 My thoughts go swiftly towards the sunset shore,
 And in a moment they are fondly clinging,
 To him my tearful eyes behold no more.

Oh! Evening Voices! oh! sweet scenes around me,
 Steeping my soul in joy and tranquil rest—
 Your influence strengthens the deep spell that bound me,
 And binds me *still*, to yonder dark'ning West,
 Where dwells the friend whose love my life hath blessed.

 THE EARLY LOST.

~~~~~  
 BY J. M. FLETCHER.  
 ~~~~~

The early lost—the early lost,
 How beautiful their sleep,
 Before the shades of sorrow o'er
 Their tender bosoms sweep;
 Before their eyes all wearily
 Look on the sea of life,
 Before their hearts all drearily
 Are shadowed by its strife.

The early lost—the early lost,
 How beautiful they seem,
 Reflected in the radiance
 Of many a hallowed dream;
 They come, they come on golden wings
 From their abodes above,
 To win us from our sorrows,
 And on to perfect love.

The early lost—the early lost,
 How beautiful their rest
 In childhood's holy innocence
 Upon a Saviour's breast;
 And when the weary soul above
 Affliction's sea is tossed,
 How tenderly it folds its love
 Around the early lost.

WHEN I WAS AN EDITOR.

BY ONE OF THE FRATERNITY.

IN all the air-built castles on which my fancy expended its architectural skill from infancy to manhood, I had never once constructed an Editor's Sanctum. While yet a mere child, I was seized with the ambition of being a poet, and in my fourteenth year commenced my "ascent of the hill of fame," by publishing, in a weekly literary newspaper, some verses which the editor called "A sweet little poem, by a young beginner." Shortly after, not owing to any difficulties in the management of stubborn rhymes, but simply to show the versatility of my genius, I condescended to prose, and astonished the reading world with a long series of marvellous stories, in which there was no lack of striking incidents, and rhetorical flourishes, all contributive to the grand denouement, duly reserved for the last chapter. During all these years of authorship, I was ever building those cloud-capped palaces and towers, in which ambition would enshrine its own immortality, and amusing each hour of idle revery by inventing new paths to the glittering summit. But even in dreams I had never associated one of these thronging aspirations with the vocation of an editor. Content to see the creations of my pen introduced to public gaze by the hands of others, I had felt no longing to take my own stand by that mysterious portal, through which they must pass in their adventurous search after immortality. When, therefore, the publishers of a magazine, well established and numbering a large circle of paying subscribers, proffered me the editorial chair, I did not rashly seize upon it, as the goal of my ambition. Tempting as the seat might have been to others, it had little charm for me. I had no fancied wrongs to revenge, and I thought less of the *dignity* than of the *responsibilities* of the office. I had vague misgivings in regard to the ghosts of heroes, who should perish in the conflagration of manuscripts, and a lurking fear that I might not be able to say "No" to an unfortunate contributor, if the application were made in person. At length I consented, with the proviso that my incognito should be preserved; and thus relieved of my fears, I entered upon my task. If in the fullness of my heart I here make a revelation of some of the joys and sorrows of my editorial career, it is not without a purpose that you, O patient reader,

may be led to sympathize more closely with those who spread the board for your literary feasts ; and that you, O aspirant for place and fame, may learn to bear with those who are compelled to deny you the honors you so greedily covet.

An editor once quaintly compared the contents of his book to a nosegay of choice flowers, with nothing of his own but the thread that tied them. But all plants are not flowers, and in the selection and arrangement of a boquet, there is abundant opportunity for the exercise of rare taste and skill. Many cuttings, which are offered, may be valuable in themselves, as balsamic plants of sovereign virtue, but still be inappropriate in a boquet. Even among flowers, there will still be a choice, and each must have its proper place. Some may be selected for their beauty, others for their fragrance, and here and there must be the cool green leaf, or the feathery grass, to relieve the gaiety, and heighten the contrast. Many authors forget this, when their own productions are returned to them, and they see the place they hoped to occupy, filled with a less showy or less fragrant flower. For the sake of variety, even the rose, most precious of the whole garden, must sometimes give place to the heliotrope or ver-bena, or unpretending mignonette ; and each of these in turn to some more lowly blossom, which, trifling in itself, shall yet heighten the general effect. Whenever an editor is obliged for want of space to reject a flower which is worthy of a choice place in the nosegay he is preparing, he must ever do so with great reluctance. In general, I was not called to such a sacrifice. Those offered plants which I left out were chiefly of three sorts ; the *weeds* which could never be admitted without injuring the beauty of the selection ; the *medicinal plants*, which were valuable but inappropriate ; and the *imperfect and supernumery flowers*, many of which might have been used, had there been room for them, without omitting others either more beautiful or necessary to give a pleasing variety of hue and fragrance.

The first gave me most amusement ; for although a few of them (to drop the figure) were only dull and stupid, and I occasionally felt a gleam of indignation that their authors should have proffered them for publication ; yet many of them were ludicrously absurd, and if published by themselves, would make a volume which a genuine disciple of Comus would consider invaluable. Prose sketches there were, in which the most common-place affairs were told with such an interlacing of cause and effect, such a mixture of pronouns, and such a general disregard, not only of the rules of grammar, but also of the obvious meaning of plain words, that the whole looked like a

poor imitation of the cross-readings used to excite mirth a century or two since. The *poetry* of this class was indescribable, except I could set before you a *fac-simile* of the written page; for part of the effect could not be otherwise transferred from the original manuscript. Most of the very bad offerings came in the garb of verse. Sometimes the only resemblance to the genuine article, would be a row of capital letters down the left hand margin; sometimes the aspirant would go farther and attempt to divide the lines into the proper measure, by counting off ten syllables to each, but here the imitation of "blank verse" generally ceased. The authors seemed to be nearly all agreed in the idea that "*rhyme and reason*," so frequently used in the same connection, were synonymous terms, and that as rhyme was not necessary to poetry, its colleague might be spared on the same conditions. Most of the communications, offered as poetry, made ambitious attempts at rhyme, sometimes kept up quite successfully for a verse or two, but generally breaking down before the close. Not a few of the authors must have been indifferent about such trifles, or lived in a community where consonants were strangely pronounced, for *long* and *morn*, *shine* and *prime*, *dream* and *seen*, with many other equally dissimilar, were not unfrequently coupled and stoutly defended as rhymes. Sometimes in order to effect a similarity of terminal sound, the accent was totally disregarded, as in the following, preserved from an actual offering:—

In tones quite sweet, symphonious, full,
And soft, she answered—"Ma"!
The mother rapt with joy, exclaimed,
"Blessed be Je-ho-va"!

This class of writers generally appeared to congratulate themselves on having achieved a great success when they could marshal the words in lines containing an equal number of syllables, regardless of their metrical length. It is possible that their ear detected the difference in poetic quantity between the several lines, but their only measure being the number of syllables, they doubtless, after frequent countings upon their fingers, gave mathematics the preference over harmony. Some of these come back to haunt me, when my head throbs with pain, and turn which way I will upon my hot pillow, I cannot prevent their slipshod gallop through my brain. Among these is the following, a very leader of the ghosts of discord, which no skill of mine is sufficient to exorcise:

A poor child to its mother went home one evening,
So full of tears, as if its very heart would break,
And said, "Dear mother, will you not a sweet song sing?
Sing to me, mother, sing to me for the heart-ache."

The fair authoress of the above was indignant at its rejection. How could it be incorrect? "Are there not twelve syllables in each line, and is not the rhyme perfect?" Argument was out of the question, and the lady and her whole coterie crossed the editor out of their books!

The second class of offerings, which I have designated as medicinal plants, many of which were valuable in their place, but inappropriate for the editor's bouquet, usually gave but little trouble. They included also essays, not unfrequently written by persons of one idea, —tedious harangues upon some pet method of reform, delivered solus by some philanthropist from the saddle of his favorite hobby—lectures on temperance, filled with a most intemperate zeal—and "thoughts for the times," which were evil thoughts to have at any time. Among them, however, were valuable dissertations appropriate to the school or lecture-room, and copies of orations and compositions used on special occasions, to which the authors desired to give the immortality of print. Occasionally a sermon came among the rest, with the text exchanged for a thesis, and the most particular application excised, but some of the addresses to "my brethren" still left accidentally unerased, betraying its original use. These could all be declined with a special reason, which the authors could be made to understand, even if they could not be induced to approve.

The third class—the imperfect and supernumery flowers—gave by far the most trouble. In the first place, it was often difficult for the editor to decide the question of admission. There would be little or nothing objectionable in sentiment or language, but an absence of originality, or of any striking point or moral, would bring the offering down to that level of flat mediocrity, where judgment wavers, and from which only the necessity of variety could induce any effort at selection. Sometimes a piece would be well written, but upon a hackneyed, threadbare subject. Sometimes the article would be much too long for interest. Even of those offerings in themselves unobjectionable, the preservation of that variety necessary not only to heighten the general effect, but also to please a multitude of differing tastes, made the choice in many cases appear arbitrary and inconsistent. The writer who sent a rose, looked in vain for it among the brilliant flowers, while she saw in its place a tiny blossom without beauty or fragrance, or still more trying to her patience even, a plain leaf, or a blade of green grass. The authoress looked again at her rose, caressed its glowing petals, inhaled its grateful fragrance, and wondered at the editor's stupidity! It may not be that could the contributors, whose offerings came before me

for judgment, have known in every case the reasons for my decision, they would have cheerfully acquiesced in its justice ; but I am satisfied there would have been, in that case, far less repining and jealousy.

Stories "founded on fact" are, as a general rule, far less interesting to the public than narratives wholly fictitious. If the incidents are such as frequently occur in ordinary life, their recital will only affect those who know the principal actors ; and the omission of the real names and localities takes from the story all which gave it vitality. There must be something uncommon in the writer's genius or style which can make an effect of this sort any thing but common-place or prosy. On the other hand, if the events on which the story is founded, are startling and unusual, the author is very apt to forget that in leaving out the real names and dates, he has taken from it the seal of truth, and that it will appear to the general reader to be overwrought and unnatural. In a story wholly fictitious, the inventive power of the author is set at work to create incidents, which shall appear probable, and yet have sufficient interest to attract attention, while the general drift shall point a moral that shall justify the labor. Forgetfulness of this, gave me many a weary hour. A sweet girl, whose life had been beautiful in the eyes of admiring friends and loving kindred, is stricken with disense, and fades from the earth, leaving a fragrant memory precious to that sorrowing circle. They would fain bring all the world to mourn with them at the new-made grave, and some gentle hand pens a kindly tribute to the departed. If condensed into a few paragraphs, and published with names and dates in the obituary column of a family newspaper, it would be interesting and appropriate, but what could I do with it for a magazine ? Its publication would bring a tear to the eye of the half-dozen readers in that mourning circle, but to the thousands who looked to the same pages for amusement or instruction, it would be but as a way-side grave to the traveler passing it on business or pleasure.

"First efforts," I always found more or less crude in style, and ill-digested in matter. With rare exceptions, no person's first production is worth printing. In all other departments of labor, it is only the practiced hand that insures success, and the apprentice does not expect to rank with the master. But in literature every novice claims the right to thrust his crudities into notice, and a denial of this claim, is denounced as a refusal to encourage rising genius. Those who wrote me that they did not consider their articles worth printing, but had sent them tremblingly in deference to the judgment of partial friends, were in a majority of cases, the

most bitterly offended at a rejection. In some instances the true metal could be detected in the rough ore ; and beneath the surface of the unpolished stone, a sharp eye could observe the faint flashing of the brilliant diamond. But it is a lucky accident which burns up the ninety and nine earlier efforts of the aspirant for literary fame ; if he have the divine afflatus, he will live to be ashamed of them ; if he have it not, he will have all the more reason to be ashamed !

Most stories written by inexperienced authors are buried under a long preface. O the weariness which this gave me ! Some fair writer would fain describe a wedding ; but she begins with an account of the sunset the day before, describes the appearance of the village under the succeeding moonlight, ushers in the morning, as if the sunrising were part of the ceremony, fails not to speak of the dew upon the flowers, alludes to the waving trees on the distant hills, as if they were all among the invited guests, and touches upon every feature of the surrounding scenery, as if the wedding-cake had been forgotten, and she had been delegated to grace the delay while the oven was heated. Where the narrative is connected with local scenes, it is fair to describe them ; or if the peculiarities of scenery or climate are not generally known, a brief account of them may be interesting ; but a majority of the story-tellers indite such descriptions to give their readers a specimen of their talents at fine writing.

I do not care to speak of the ordinary drudgery of the editorial office ; the labor of decyphering manuscripts written in a fine hand with pale ink ; the necessary corrections of false syntax, bad orthography, and defective punctuation ; or the difficulty of disentangling the ideas in compound sentences. These are incidental to the office, and were what I bargained for at the outset. There were rare pleasures, too, mingled with the many cares and vexations, and these I would not forget. Unseen and unknown I communed with a thousand hearts ; now reaching out the hand to encourage some adventurer armed for his first field, now linking myself with the arm that had fought manfully in the battle of life. There were gentle faces smiling upon me in kindness from many a written page ; and, O happy thought ! perhaps a few had even learned to love me, picturing me to their hearts in tints more flattering than ever came from the painter's pallet. It may be that some will find the image their fancy has drawn, even beneath the present disguise. Others will feel their pulses quicken by some magnetic power, as they read these pages, and my secret will tremble on their lips like the forgotten name of a friend whose face comes to us in a vision and haunts us all the more that we cannot tell if it be memory or fancy. I had many such visions, when I was an Editor !

"OUR REST IS ABOVE."

BY REV. L. J. BELL.

How seldom is it realized that as Christians we must "labor here and rest hereafter." To see a settled, intelligent determination entertained to pursue a life of self-denial, with an eye unfalteringly fixed upon "the mark of the prize of our high calling," is but to have our souls elevated above earth by the moral grandeur of the scene.

"*Our rest is above*" is said to be the motto adopted by the young ladies that recently graduated at Mount Holyoke. They had the initial letters of it engraved upon the ring to be worn by each member of the class. Could any but Christians, or those having heavenly aspirations, deliberately enter upon the theatre of life with such a talisman? It requires no analysis to unfold the meaning of those words. They are plain to any one whose soul looks upward. The sentiment is worthy the immortal foundress, and now guardian spirit of the school at South Hadley.

Joy to you, dear ladies, who say "our rest is above." In your breasts, heart beats to heart responsive, and spirits blend in unison, when, though sundered far by hill and dell, you meet by faith before the Omniscient, and gently remind each other of your chosen motto.

"*Our rest.*"—Yes, you will *all* be there; for "there remaineth a rest for the people of God." You have a mission here below.—You are *sent*—sent to *labor* in the Master's vineyard. Toils and tears, prayers and pains, watchings and weariness, are all before you. But you trust in One who is mighty and true—in One who has bought you by giving himself for you—your elder Brother.

With tear bedewed eyes, but undismayed hearts, you go forth, bearing precious seed, in the firm hope of coming again, "bringing your sheaves with you."

The mantle of Mary Lyon has been thrown upon your shoulders. Be like her, your revered, your "*alma mater.*" From fountains shaded by trees of her own planting, you have drank deeply of those waters which inspired her soul, and cheered her in her labors for the elevation of womankind, for the good of humanity, for the salvation of her country, and for the glory of her God and *our* God. Be like her then, as she was like the blessed Saviour, who went about *doing good*. Sit at his feet, learn from him at the well-side, and when you feel cast down and weak, look upon your ring and its motto.—

Let it speak to you in another tongue—*o-r-a*, i. e. pray. Ah, there is the secret of your power : that is the hidden meaning of your motto. Before you are gathered to your rest, it will be your sphere to labor and love, and suffer and pray. To this you have devoted yourselves.

Joy to you then, dear ladies. The world needs such as you.— Knowledge in your hands will be power for much good. Joy to you now, and boundless, ceaseless joy above.

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY MIRIAM F. HAMILTON.

ALONE in my chamber at even,
I gaze up into the sky,
Where clouds like icebergs are floating
In the billowy sea on high.

But their solemn and awful beauty,
So passionless, cold, and still,
Lends no happy thoughts to my bosom,
But strikes to my spirit a chill.

Well might in those calm, pure regions,
An angel be fitting guest ;
But never could sorrowing earth-child
Find there the long-sought rest.

I think of myself drifting onward
Through the shifting currents of life,
Like a rudderless ship driven only
To and fro by the elements' strife.

I turn from the past with a shudder :
Its mem'ries no sunshine can lend,—
Shall the shadows that darken the present
To the uncertain future, extend ?

Shall these ardent and high aspirations
For all that is holy and pure,
Flit away like vain dreams and bright visions
That but for a moment endure ?

Shall resolves that I deemed were firm barriers
Against the wild ocean of sin,
Undermined by the waves of temptation,
Let the flood unimpeded rush in ?

If it must be, I thank thee, oh Father,
That when life's wild struggle is past,
There remaineth a rest for thy children,
Where we shall be victors at last !

WORDS.

BY ANNIE PARKER.

WILLIAM HAZLETT, in his "Table Talk," has said, "Words are the only things that last forever." At first, this seems but an extravagant assertion of one who desired for his own words an immortality on earth. Would he have us believe that the pyramids shall crumble, and temples and statues decay, and nations be forgotten, and the rock-ribbed hills vanish and leave no trace, and the green earth itself be dissolved, while *words*, born of a breath, so lightly uttered, and so lightly heard, shall last for ever?

But the assertion loses its extravagance when we listen to the voices of the Past, which come echoing back to us through the "corridors of Time," and we are ready to admit that the eloquent author did not exceed the truth. Centuries ago, Rome sat like a queen upon her seven hills, the acknowledged mistress of the world. What record remains of her former glory, besides a few broken arches, and crumbling pillars, and the undying words of her orators and poets? What is left of Greece, once the proud rival of Rome, and the most polished, refined, and intellectual of the nations of the earth, that will outlast the words of Homer, and Plato, and Socrates, and Aristotle? What prouder monument remains of the dim antiquity which China boasts, than the maxims of Confucius, uttered centuries before the coming of Christ? And what should we know of the vanished glory of the chosen people of God, but for the poetic raptures of David and Solomon, the glorious visions of Isaiah and Ezekiel, and the plain unvarnished annals of the great Hebrew lawgiver and historian?

But we need not search the musty records of the Past, for proof of the power and permanency of words. Daily and hourly, in the house, and by the way, words are spoken which leave their impress on the life, and in their effects take hold on eternity.

We are apt to forget the significance of words, and grow unmindful of their power to wound or bless. How lightly and carelessly we utter them, and how little careful are we to "keep our tongue from evil, and our lips from speaking guile." Not only can a word once spoken never be recalled, but if it be an unkind or bitter word, it rankles in the heart of the hearer, and its effects cannot be controlled. An English writer says, that "The pulsations of the air,

once set in motion by the human voice, cease not to exist with the sounds to which they give rise ; the waves of the air thus raised perambulate the earth and ocean's surface ; and soon every atom of its atmosphere takes up the altered movement due to the infinitesimal portion of the primitive motion which has been conveyed to it through countless channels, and which must continue to influence its paths throughout its future existence. Every atom impressed with good and with ill, retains at once the motions which philosophers and sages have imparted to it, mixed and combined in ten thousand ways, with all that is worthless and base. The atmosphere we breathe is the everliving witness of the sentiments we have uttered, and (in another state of being) the offender may hear still vibrating in his ear the very words, uttered perhaps thousands of centuries before, which at once caused and registered his own condemnation."

What importance do such considerations as these attach to the lightest words we utter. Truly "for every idle word that man shall speak, God will bring him into judgment." Nor will that judgment be delayed—with the utterance of the word, it has already begun.

Who can estimate the power, or measure the duration of a mother's words ? From the first dawn of intelligence in the infant, before even its own unskilled tongue can frame itself to speech, the mother's words begin to mould the plastic character, and through the dangerous period of youth, through the shoals and quicksands that beset the path of manhood, those gentle words of love, and holy counsel live ever in the memory, and act as talismans against the temptations of pleasure and of sin.

An unkind word ! Who has not felt how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is ! How it dims the brightness of the sunshine, and blights the beauty of the fair green earth. How it rankles in the bosom, and stirs up passions it were better had slept for ever. Trifles irritate an overwearied brain, and exhausted nerves, and one not ever on the watch may lose for a time the control of his own spirit, and by sharp and taunting words provoke bitterness and strife, which reacting on the speaker increase the misery they cannot cure.

Parting words—what melancholy music in their sound ! How mournful is the blessing in the word *Farewell* ! how tender and consoling in the other word *Adieu* ! To God—absent or present to whom else can we with any confidence commit our loved ones ? who else will love them with a tenderer love than ours, who else can shield them from the perils that beset their path ? Dearer perhaps than either of these to the common heart of humanity, is the homely

little Saxon word, *Good-bye*. For its tenderness and pathos, its simplicity and comprehensiveness, its power of awakening holy memories, and exerting a restraining and salutary influence, it is worthy to be classed with the most beautiful words in our own, or any other language, *Mother*, *Home*, and *Heaven*.

Kind words, that cost the giver nothing—words of sympathy and encouragement, how the bowed heart lifts itself as they fall upon the ear, grateful and refreshing as the dews of Hermon. If the poor more frequently heard such words, if we were not so afraid to speak them in the ear of the outcast and degraded, how many might be strengthened to resist temptation, and how many fallen ones might be led back to virtue and peace.

Shall we speak of profane and vulgar words? Those who use them little think of the fresh impulse given to evil by every such word they speak. A young man utters an oath—perhaps it is the first that ever polluted his lips, but his muscles have scarcely framed the sound, before the invisible pulses of air have caught the unholy impulse, and wider and wider the influence spreads, like the ever enlarging circles on the surface of a summer's lake, when a storm has fallen into its bosom.

Words act upon the speaker no less powerfully than upon the hearer. Every one has been conscious in a moment of anger, that his passion was inflamed by the words in which he gave it utterance. One cannot use impure or profane words, without by the very act making his own soul more impure. As one's language is, so is he. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and no pure fountain sends forth bitter waters. "The imagination is a pearl of great price; dim not its lustre, sully not its purity; how holy should be that inner sanctuary of the soul where none but God can enter."

The distance is less than many suppose between the habitual use of improper language and actual vice. One almost necessarily leads to the other. In the use of unholy words, as in every other bad habit, it is the first step that costs, the rest follow in easy and regular succession.

From the cant words and slang phrases which are so much in use at the present day, it is but an easy step to actual profanity. None can doubt that they lessen the reverence of the young for those holy and beautiful safeguards which God has thrown around their youth. The young man who calls his father "The Governor," and his mother "The old lady," has invoked upon his own head the curse denounced upon those who "honor not their father and mother."

Surely our noble language is rich enough in Saxon words of strength, and fervor, and purity, without borrowing from the vocabulary of Billingsgate, or coining phrases which owe their significance to associations of doubtful propriety.

The sublimest words ever uttered were those spoken by the Great Architect on the morning of creation, when Chaos reigned, and Darkness brooded over all things. "Let there be light!" sounded through space, and promptly obedient to the word, Darkness fled before the rising glories of the new-made day.


Down through the long lapse of ages come to us the words spoken on Sinai, on the "mount that burned with fire," and at whose terrible aspect, Moses did "exceedingly fear and quake." Time has robbed them of none of their fearful power, and till Time shall be no longer, man may try in vain to escape the penalty of disobeying them.

Less awful than these, but not less beautiful and precious to the heart of a Christian, are our Saviour's words, our choicest specimens of *words that shall last forever*. For more than eighteen hundred years, how gently have they rebuked the erring, how tenderly consoled the sorrowing, confirmed the wavering, and illuminated with heaven's own light the darkness of the doubting and despairing. The timid may hear now as Peter did, the reassuring words, "It is I, be not afraid." To the sick, who in spirit touch the hem of His garment, He says to-day, "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole." The heart of the repentant sinner may leap now as did that of Mary Magdalene, at the blessed words, "Thy sins are forgiven."

Listen to the words He uttered in the "Sermon on the Mount"—to the parting words of consolation to His mourning followers when He was about to be taken from them, "Let not your heart be troubled"—to the words wrung from Him by His agony in the garden, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt," and lastly to those God-like words upon the cross, when having suffered every indignity which Jewish hatred could devise, He said, as the death damps gathered on his brow, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Surely such words as these can never die.

Those who bequeath unto themselves a pompous funeral, are at just so much expense to inform the world of something that had better been concealed; namely, their vanity has survived themselves.

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

WE respectfully invite the attention of our readers to the Prospectus and Opinions of the Press, on the cover of this Number- hoping they will interest themselves in extending the circulation of the **WREATH & KEEPSAKE**.  Cannot you get up a Club among your friends?

PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Specimens shown by ROOT are in **ADVANCE OF ALL COMPETITION.** Stop at
No. 363 BROADWAY.

and see them. Daguerrotypes copied from miniature to life size. GOLD MEDAL awarded to ROUR at the last Fair of the American Institute for best colored Photographs.

ROOT'S GALLERY, 363 Broadway, cor. of Franklin-St.

NEW STYLES! PARASOLS!

A Fine Assortment of NEW AND FASHIONABLE Parasols of entire New Design. The LADIES are invited to look at them.

J. K. SPRATT, No. 329 Broadway.

GAS CHANDELIERS AND FIXTURES.

French & English China and Earthenware,

CUT AND PLAIN GLASS. TABLE CUTLERY.

THE CH. BRONZES. PLATED WARE.

TOGETHER WITH ALL ARTICLES REQUIRED FOR

FURNISHING PRIVATE HOUSES, STEAMBOATS, HOTELS, &C.,

ON FAVORABLE TERMS.

E. V. HAUGHWOUT, 561 & 563 Broadway, N. Y.

S. S. PARKS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
MELODEONS, SERAPHINES, AND ORGANS



THESE Celebrated Instruments are carefully and substantially made of the most Improved Patterns and finish, and for ease of action, richness and power of Tone, are not surpassed by any in the country. The Melodeon Organ has a Sub-Bass of deep and full tone, making it a very desirable instrument for Church use. All Instruments warranted.

LIST OF PRICES:

| | | |
|---|-------------------------------|------|
| 4 | Octave Portable, | \$45 |
| 5 | " " " | 75 |
| 5 | " " fancy case, | 80 |
| 5 | Piano Forte Case, | 100 |
| 5 | " Double Reed, | 150 |
| 6 | " Case, | 135 |
| 6 | Melodeon Organ with Sub-Bass, | 150 |

WAREROOM, 228 Washington-St., Boston

UP TOWN

Gas Fixture and Gas Fitting Establishment.

THE proprietors would respectfully inform the purchasing public that they have now in store a magnificent assortment of elegant and unique

CHANDLIERS.

MODELED AND MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CITY MARKET.

Superior quality goods, together with uniform LOW PRICES, has already given such an impetus to our business as will warrant our extraordinary efforts to keep an

ASSORTMENT SECOND TO NONE IN THE CITY

And offering the same at prices which we know cannot be undersold.

ORDERS FOR PIPING HOUSES SOLICITED.

COLT & WHITTLESEY, 921 Broadway, Cor. 21st St.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS,

13 WINTER ST., . . . BOSTON.

ENGLISH TRAITS, by R. W. EMERSON.

In one vol., 12mo. In press.

A NEW WORK by PROF. HITCHCOCK,

Late President of Amherst College. In press.

VASSALL MORTON. A NOVEL.

By Francis Parkman, author of the "Conspiracy of Pontiac," &c., &c. Ready, May 24.

MARY TRACY. A NOVEL.

In one vol. In press.

THE NEW AGE OF GOLD:

OR,
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBERT
DEXTER ROMAINE,

Written by himself. In one vol. In press.

THE EARNEST MAN:

A Sketch of the Life and Labors of

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.,

First Missionary to Burmah. By Mrs. H. C. Conant.
In one vol., 12mo. With a new Portrait. \$1.00. Ready
in May.

RED-BEARD'S STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

Translated from the German, by Cousin Fannie. With
unique and beautiful Silhouette illustrations. In press.

COLOMBA: A CORSICAN STORY

This is a work of absorbing interest; characteristically
French in its style, yet free from the faults of modern
French novels. Price, 75 cents.

BERENICE:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOVEL.

Apparently, a truthful record of an eventful life. In
one vol. Price, \$1.00.

WOLFSDEN.

A unique, and, to all familiar with rustic life, a most
charming book. \$1.25.

EDITH HALE.

A New-England story of rare interest. \$1.25.

CASTE.

A book of sterling value. \$1.25.

I D A M A Y.

524 thousand.

\$1.25.

TALES FOR THE MARINES.

A brilliant nautical novel, by Lieut. Wise, author of
"Los Gringos." \$1.25.

THE LAST OF THE HUGGER- MUGGERS.

By C. P. Cranch. With illustrations by the author.
Price, \$1.00.

LETTERS to a YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

By James Jackson, M.D., LL.D. \$1.00.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP II.

By W. H. Prescott. Vols. 1 and 2.

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

By W. H. Prescott. In 3 vols., 8vo.

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU.

By W. H. Prescott. In 2 vols., 8vo.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

By W. H. Prescott. In 3 vols., 8vo.

PRESCOTT'S MISCELLANIES.

In one vol., 8vo, with a Portrait.

MODERN PILGRIMS:

Showing the Improvement in Travel, and the Newest
Method of reaching the Celestial City.

By George Wood, author of "Peter Schlemihl in
America." In two vols., 12mo. Price, \$1.75.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE!!

The Subscribers are selling all descriptions of goods in their line at much less than the usual prices

FINE WATCHES.

ROBERT ROSKILL AND DAVID TAYLOR'S CHRONOMETERS,

With Certificates from the Maker with each Watch. Warranted perfect time-keepers.

COOPER'S DUPLEX and LEVER WATCHES, in Hunting and Magic Cases.

INDEPENDENT SECONDS, and Quarter Seconds Watches, for timing horses, in Open and Hunting Cases.

Ladies' Watches, in Enamel Cases, and set with Diamonds.

Ladies' Fine Gold Watches, in Hunting and Open Face, at all prices, and all styles, from \$25.00 to \$125.00.

Magic Watches, that may be changed into three different styles.

WATCHES WHICH WIND UP AND SET THE HANDS WITHOUT THE USE OF A KEY.

Gold Lepine Watches, as low as \$25; Fine Gold Detached Levers, \$30 to \$50; Enameled Hunting, for Ladies, \$35 to \$75; Gold English Watches, full jeweled, \$40 to \$85; Gold English Hunting Watches, full Jeweled, \$60 to \$150; Silver Patent Lever Watches, as low as \$16; Silver Detached Levers, \$14; and all other styles of Watches correspondingly low.

A General Assortment of Diamond Work, Diamond Ear Rings, Pins, Finger Rings, and Crosses. Diamond Work made to Order.

JEWELRY.

All styles of Chains, Gold Seals, and Keys, Pure Gold Rings for Wedding Rings, Gold Pens and Pencils, Gold Spectacles, Gold and Silver Thumbies, Bracelets, Ear Rings, and Pins.

SILVER WARE, (Warranted Standard.)

Silver Tea Sets, Pitchers, Silver Cups and Goblets, Spoons, Forks, Napkin Rings, Pie Knives, Cake Knives and Forks, Sets of Knife, Fork, and Spoon for Children, Fruit Knives and Dessert Knives in cases, &c. Watches and Jewelry exchanged.

REPAIRS.—All kinds of Watches repaired and warranted.

SQUIRE, LANDER & CO.,

NO. 97 FULTON STREET, N. Y.

Near William Street

Cottage and Enamel Furniture MANUFACTORY,

634 Broadway, N. Y.

S. H. WARWICK,

Would offer to families and dealers his new and beautiful styles of

Enamel Furniture,

Of every shade and color, and unsurpassed for beauty, durability and cheapness for

BEDROOM FURNITURE.

Entire Bedroom Suites are now at the low price of \$25 per set, and better qualities at equally low rates. Call and see for yourselves.

Goods carefully packed and sent to any part of the country.



AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

Of all the numerous medicines extant, (and some of them valuable) for the cure of pulmonary complaints, nothing has ever been found which could compare in its effects with this Preparation. Others cure sometimes, but at all times, and in all diseases of the lungs and throat, where medicine can give relief, this will do it. It is pleasant to take, and perfectly safe in accordance with the directions. We do not advertise for the information of those who have tried it but those who have not. Families that have known its value will not be without it, and by its timely use they are secure from the dangerous consequences of Coughs and Colds, which neglected, ripen into fatal consumption.

The Diploma of the Massachusetts Institute was awarded to this preparation by the Board of Judges, in September, 1847; also, the Medals of the three great Institutes of Art, in this country; also the Diploma of the Ohio Institute at Cincinnati has been given to the Oyster Pectoral, by their Government, in consideration of its extraordinary excellence and usefulness in curing affections of the Lungs and Throat.

Read the following Opinion, founded on the long Experience of the Eminent Physician of the Port and City of St. Johns.

Dr. J. C. AYER.—Five years trial of your Cherry Pectoral in my Practice, has proven what I foresaw from its composition, must be true, that it eradicates and cures the colds and coughs to which we, in this section, are peculiarly liable. I think its equal has not yet been discovered, nor do I know how a better remedy can be made for the distemper of the Throat and Lungs.

J. J. BURTON, M. D., F. R. S.

See what it has done on a Wasted Constitution, not only in the following cases, but in a thousand others:

Dr. AYER.—In the month of July last, I was attacked by a violent Diarrhoea in the mines of California. I returned to San Francisco in hope of receiving benefit from a change of climate and diet. My Diarrhoea ceased, but was followed by a severe cough—and much soreness. I finally started for home, but received no benefit from the voyage. My cough continued to grow worse, and when I arrived in New York I was at once marked by my acquaintances as a victim of consumption. I must confess that I saw no sufficient reason to doubt what my friends all believed. At this time I commenced taking your truly invaluable medicine with little expectation of deriving any benefit from its use. You would not receive these lines did I not regard it my duty to state to the afflicted, through you, that my health, in the space of eight months, is fully restored. I attribute it to the use of your CHERRY PECTORAL.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM W. SMITH, Sudbury, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—Feeling that I have been spared from a premature grave, through your instrumentality by the providence of God, I will take the liberty to express to you my gratitude.

A Cough, and the alarming symptoms of Consumption, had reduced me too low to leave me anything like health, when my physician brought me a bottle of your "PECTORAL." It seemed to afford immediate relief, and now I am a few weeks time has restored me to sound health.

If it will do for others what it has for me, you are certainly one of the benefactors of mankind. Sincerely wishing you every blessing, I am

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN J. CLARKE, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Washington, Pa.

With such assurance and from such men, no stronger proof can be adduced unless it be from its effects upon a trial.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS,

OPERATE by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it into healthy action. They remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, and, by restoring their irregular action to health, correct, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first causes of disease. An extensive trial of their virtues, by Professors, Physicians, and Patients, has shown cures of dangerous diseases almost beyond belief, were they not substantiated by persons of such exalted position and character, as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Their certificates are published in my American Almanac, which my Agents furnish gratis to all inquiring.

Annexed we give DIRECTIONS FOR THEIR USE in the complaints which they have been found to cure:

For Costiveness.—Take one or two Pills, or such quantity as to gently move the bowels. Costiveness is frequently the aggravating cause of PILLS, and the cure of one complaint is the cure of both. No person can feel well while under a costive habit of body. Hence it should be, as it can be, promptly relieved.

For Dyspepsia, which is sometimes the cause of Costiveness, and always uncomfortable, take mild doses—from one to four—to stimulate the stomach and liver into healthy action. They will do it, and the heartburn, dyspepsia and sourness of Dyspepsia, will rapidly disappear. When it has gone, don't forget what cured you.

For a Foul Stomach, or Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, which produces general depression of the spirits and bad health, take from four to eight Pills at first, and smaller doses afterwards, until activity and strength is restored to the system.

For Nervousness, Sick Headache, Nausea, Pain in the Stomach, Back, or Side, take from four to eight Pills on going to bed. If they do not operate sufficiently take more the next day until they do. These complaints will be swept out from the system. Don't wear these and their kindred disorders because your stomach is foul.

For Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all Diseases of the Skin, take the Pills freely and frequently to keep the bowels open. The eruptions will generally soon begin to diminish and disappear. Many dreadful ulcers and sores have been healed up by the purging and purifying effect of these Pills, and some disgusting diseases which seemed to saturate the whole system, have completely yielded to their influence, leaving the sufferer in perfect health. Patients I your duty to society forbids that you should parade yourself around the world, covered with pimples, blotches, ulcers, sores, and all or any of the unclean diseases of the skin, because your system wants cleansing.

To Purify the Blood, they are the best medicine ever discovered. They should be taken freely and frequently, and the impurities which sow the seeds of incurable diseases will be swept out of the system like chaff before the wind. By this property they do as much good in preventing sickness, as by the remarkable cures which they are making everywhere.

Liver Complaint, Jaundice, and all Bilious Affections arise from some derangement—either torpidity, congestion, or obstructions of the Liver. Torpidity and congestion vitiate the bile and render it unfit for digestion. This is disastrous to the health, and the constitution is frequently undermined by no other cause. Indigestion is the symptom. Obstruction of the duct which empties the bile into the stomach, causes the bile to overflow into the blood. This produces Jaundice, with a long and dangerous train of evils. Costiveness, or alternately costiveness and diarrhoea, prevails. Feverish symptoms, languor, low spirits, weariness, restlessness, and melancholy, with inability to sleep, and sometimes great drowsiness; sometimes there is severe pain in the side; the skin and the white of the eyes become a greenish yellow; the stomach seld; the bowels sore to the touch; the whole system irritable, with a tendency to fever, which may turn to bilious fever, bilious cholera, bilious diarrhoea, dysentery, &c. A medium dose of three or four Pills, taken at night, followed by two or three in the morning, and repeated a few days, will remove the cause of all these troubles. It is wicked to suffer such pains when you can cure them for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Rheumatism, Gout, and all Inflammatory Fevers are rapidly cured by the purifying effects of these Pills upon the blood, and the stimulus which they afford to the vital principle of life. For these and all kindred complaints they should be taken in mild doses, to move the bowels gently but freely.

As a Dinner Pill this is both agreeable and useful. No Pill can be made more pleasant to take, and certainly none has been made more effectual to the purpose for which a Dinner Pill is employed.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, LOWELL, Mass., and Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine, everywhere.

"LADIES GUIDE TO PERFECT GENTILITY."

"THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS; OR, LIVING IN THE COUNTRY."--
By FRED. S. COFFMAN.

"MARRIED; NOT MATED."--By ALICE CARY.

Our enterprising neighbors, Messrs. Derby and Jackson, have favored us with the above charming books, which are entitled to, and will undoubtedly meet with an extensive sale. BUY and READ them for yourselves. See advertisement on another page.

MAYNARD & KERRIGAN, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN FEATHERS, BEDS AND MATTRESSES, EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

Among which may be found--

PURE CURLED HAIR MATTRESSES.

CORN HUSK MATTRESSES.

SEA GRASS

SPYRAL SPRING

ALSO,

IRON AND WOOD BEDSTEADS OF ALL KINDS,

CHAIRS, TABLES, LOUNGES, &c., &c.

153

Chatham Street.

153

JOHN S. WILLARD,

IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER, AND DEALER IN

Looking Glasses, Portrait and Picture Frames,

FRENCH AND GERMAN LOOKING GLASS PLATES,

WINDOW AND PICTURE GLASS,

Gilt Moldings, Fine Whiting, Glue, Glaziers' Diamonds, Gold Leaf, and Sand Paper,

RICH ORNAMENTED GILT MANTEL AND PIER FRAME GLASSES

AND OVALS, AND WINDOW CORNICES,

Always on hand, and made to order.

WAREHOUSE, 440 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK,

(Between Chatham and Madison Streets.)

THE WORLD RENOWNED MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT!

AN EXTERNAL REMEDY FOR MAN AND BEAST.

In curing Rheumatism, Piles, Salt Rheum, Old Sores, Scrofulous Affections, Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Scalds, &c., nothing can equal it in speed and efficacy. We have the experience of Millions to prove this fact. Farmers in every section of the country, keep and use it constantly. Manufacturers have their factories supplied with it for the use of their hands. Livery-stable keepers use it upon their horses in preference to any other Liniment. Families find it profitable to always have a bottle handy. Travelers carry it in their carpet bags in case of a "smash up." Miners will find it invaluable to them in all cases where an external remedy can be applied. For Horses and other Animals, it is the greatest Liniment ever used for the cure of Spavin, Splint, Ring-bone, Fistula, Sprains, Poll-evil, Scratches, Cracked Heel, Sweney, &c.

PRICES--25 Cts., 50 Cts., and \$1. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Use the Mexican Mustang Liniment.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES--Pantheon Buildings, 343 Broadway, N. Y., and corner of Third and Market Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

G. W. WESTBROOK, Sole Proprietor.

SPRING CLOTHING.

ALFRED MUNROE & CO.,

DEALERS IN FINE AND FASHIONABLE

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS,

441 Broadway (between Howard and Grand Sts.), New-York,

Invite special attention to their assortment of **Ready-Made Clothing**, suitable for the present and coming season. Their assortment embraces every variety of goods suitable for a

GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBE.

No pains is spared in this establishment to have every garment well made, and well and appropriately trimmed. The assortment and styles of **BOYS' CLOTHING**, challenge a comparison with those of any other concern in the United States.

ONE PRICE ONLY FOR GOODS--NO DEVIATION.

If any dissatisfaction arises after the purchase of an article, it may be returned and exchanged, or the money will be cheerfully refunded.

ALFRED MUNROE,
WM. P. ABBOTT,
M. G. RATHBUN.

ALFRED MUNROE & CO.,
441 Broadway, New-York.

Considerations on Life Insurance by a Lady.

WOMAN'S AGENCY.

"To woman, who in the main is the especial beneficiary of Life Insurance, we would say, if you are solicitous for its increasing diffusion, show it in your words and by your works. This is a work on which you may gladly smile.

Woman's influence lies in the power of properly cultivated affections. Her empire is the heart. Seeking no authority, insisting on no right, she for this reason is successful when the QUESTION IS RIGHT. And wherever the human mind has been regenerated, and human character elevated, in each and all the true moral reforms of the world, Providence has chosen her as a powerful auxiliary. It is the wife, the mother, the daughter, and the sister, who need to be protected when their natural protector is taken away. It is to these Life Insurance makes its appeal; and for these may not man be taught to practise prudence, sobriety, and economy, and become the possessor of a life policy? What a crush and ruin to these would it not save! What oceans of lamentation and wailing would give place to their rejoicing and permanent joy for a 'heritable habitation,' secured to them through this institution!

We are compelled to urge female influence and agency in this great work of the age, and ashamed to confess that she who is most interested has hitherto done nothing. Nothing! We appeal to her by all the claims of virtue, by all the sufferings of humanity, to delay no longer. The American mind is awakening to the benign influences of Life Insurance, and needs but her active persuasions to melt it on this subject into one flow of emotion."

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW-YORK.

OFFICE, 111 BROADWAY, TRINITY BUILDING.

INCORPORATED APRIL 12th, 1842.

ACCUMULATED ASSETS, \$3,615,664.

AMOUNT OF CLAIMS BY DEATH PAID SINCE ORGANIZATION, OVER

\$1,500,000!

BE This Company is conducted on the strictly *mutual* principle, insuring for *life* or *short terms*, at fair *cash rates*, and with or without participation in profits, at the option of the *insured*. The Company grants *Endowment Policies* and *Annuities*, at the most approved rates; and also embraces the *new* and important feature of "ACCUMULATIVE OR DEPOSIT POLICIES," whereby a fixed sum is secured absolutely by one payment, with power to increase the amount from time to time, and permission to withdraw a portion of the deposit on any emergency.

On each Policy for the full term of life, which has run two years or more, this Company will issue, on application, a certificate of its cash value, thus rendering the Policy perfect security for a loan, or will purchase the same.

Tables of rates, and all necessary information supplied, on application to the chief office, or to any of the Agents of the Company.

FREDERICK S. WINSTON, *President*.


Actuary, SHEPARD HOMANS.

Secretary, ISAAC ABBATT.

Medical Examiner MINTURN POST, M. D.

General Agent, HENRY H. HYDE.

\$500! \$1000! \$1500 \$2000!

 The above sums have been and are now made per annum by our Good and Active Agents.

TWELVE GOOD REASONS WHY.

1. Our books are very popular.
2. They are well advertised, and therefore well known.
3. The paper, printing, and binding are good.
4. They are nearly all illustrated.
5. They are all deeply interesting.
6. They all have a good moral tendency.
7. They are not sectarian or sectional.
8. They are suited to the tastes of all readers.
9. They are adapted to public and private libraries.
10. They are sold at a reasonable price.
11. They find a welcome in every family.
12. They meet with ready sales.

SOME OF OUR BEST SELLING BOOKS.

| | |
|--|--|
| Cumming's Hunter's Life among Lions, &c. 12mo. \$1 50 | Bell Smith's Travels Abroad. 12mo. 1 00 |
| The Widow Bedott Papers. 12mo. 1 25 | Arthur's Young Lady at Home. 12mo. 1 00 |
| Marian Harland's Alone. 12mo. 1 25 | Paul and Virginia and Exiles of Siberia. 12mo. 1 25 |
| Henry Ward Beecher's Star Papers. 12mo. 1 25 | Humboldt's Island of Cuba. 12mo. 1 25 |
| Adventures of Gerard, the Lion Killer. 12mo. 1 25 | The Newsboy—a popular Novel. 12mo. 1 25 |
| Young Lady's Own Book. 12mo. 1 25 | Isora's Child—a popular Novel. 12mo. 1 25 |
| Hunting Adventures in Northern Wilds. 12mo. 00 | General Jackson and New Orleans. 12mo. 1 25 |
| The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. 12mo. 1 25 | Discoverers and Pioneers of America. 12mo. 1 25 |
| Jane Eyre, by Currer Bell. 12mo. 1 00 | Simms' Life of General Marion. 12mo. 1 25 |
| Mr. Roe's "Long Look Ahead." 12mo. 1 25 | " " Greene. 12mo. 1 25 |
| Green Mountain Girls—a Story of Vermont. 12mo. 1 25 | Lives of the Signers of Independence. 12mo. 1 25 |
| Sparrowgrass Papers; or, Living in the Country. 12mo. 1 00 | Lives of Eminent Mechanics. 12mo. 1 00 |
| War in Kansas: or, a Trip to the Border. 12mo. 1 25 | The Life of General Sam Houston. 12mo. 1 25 |
| Ladies' Guide to Perfect Gentility. 12mo. 75 | The Children of the Abbey. 12mo. 1 25 |
| The Works of Charles Lamb. 12mo. 1 25 | The Adventures of Don Quixote. 12mo. 1 25 |
| The Scottish Chiefs, by Jane Porter. 12mo. 1 25 | Allice Cary's Married, not Mated. 12mo. 1 25 |
| Thaddeus of Warsaw, by Jane Porter. 12mo. 1 25 | New-England Boys; or, Three Apprentices. 125 |
| Peter Parley's Balloon Travels. 12mo. 1 00 | Rollins' Ancient History. 2 vols. 8vo. 4 00 |
| Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington. 12mo. 1 25 | Plutarch's Lives. 8vo. 2 00 |
| Female Life among the Mormons. 12mo. 1 00 | Hallam's Middle Ages. 8vo. 2 00 |
| Arabian Nights Entertainment. 12mo. 1 25 | Robertson's Historical Works. 3 vols. 8vo. 6 00 |
| John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. 12mo. 1 25 | Russell's Modern Europe. 3 vols. 8vo. 6 00 |
| The Swiss Family Robinson. 12mo. 1 25 | Gillies' History of Greece. 8vo. 2 00 |
| Vicar of Wakefield and Paul and Virginia. 12mo. 1 25 | Ferguson's History of Rome. 8vo. 2 00 |
| The Green Mountain Traveller. 12mo. 1 00 | The Illustrated Life of Franklin. 8vo. 2 00 |
| My Court-ship and its Consequences. 12mo. 1 25 | Wau Bun; or, "Early Day" of the Northwest. 8vo. 2 25 |
| Camp-Fires of the Red Men. 12mo. 1 25 | Stephen's Egypt and the Holy Land. 8vo. 2 00 |
| Layard's Discoveries at Nineveh. 12mo. 1 00 | Webster's Family Encyclopedia. 8vo. 3 00 |
| The American Gift Book. Illustrated. 12mo. 1 00 | Ewbank's Hydraulics and Mechanics. 8vo. 2 50 |
| The Lost Hunter—a Tale of Early Times. 12mo. 1 25 | Hannah More's Complete Works. 8vo. 3 00 |
| Indian Battles, Captivities, and Adventures. 12mo. 1 25 | and more than 100 other kinds. |
| The American Revolution and History. 12mo. 1 00 | |

1000 GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

For Further particulars, apply to **DERBY & JACKSON, PUBLISHERS,**
No. 119 Nassau Street, N. Y.

THE LADY'S GUIDE

**TO PERFECT GENTILITY IN MANNERS, DRESS, AND CONVERSATION,
IN THE FAMILY, IN COMPANY, AT THE PIANO FORTE, THE TABLE IN THE
STREET, AND IN GENTLEMEN'S SOCIETY.**

*Also a Useful Instructor in Letter Writing, Toilet Preparations, Fancy Needle Work, Millinery,
Dressmaking, Care of Wardrobe, the Hair, Teeth, Hands, Lips, Complexion, &c.*

BY **EMILY THORNWELL,**


AUTHOR OF THE "YOUNG LADY'S OWN BOOK," ETC.

One Handsome 12mo. Volume, with Steel Plate. Price 75 Cents.

Contents.

Agreeableness and Beauty of Person. Requisites to Female Beauty. Pimples and Wrinkles. Choice Cosmetics for Beautifying the Skin. Treatment of the Hair. How to Preserve the Teeth Sound and White. Choice Dentifrice. Means of Securing a Beautiful Tint to the Lips. Means of Improving the Appearance of the Hands. Ornamental effect of Neatly kept Nails. How to have a Sweet Breath. Gentility and Refinement. Taste with Regard to Manners. Low and Vulgar Associations. Gait and Carriage. Gentlemen's Attendance. Kind of Cards and Manner of Carrying them. Length of Calls. Receiving Visitors. Introductions. Giving Invitations. Who may be Invited. Taking Leave. Dancing Occasions. Invitation to Sing or Play. Conversation at the Table. The Ceremony. After Congratulations and Festivities. Invitations to Ride on Horseback. Polite, Easy, and Graceful Deportment. Female Dress. How to Combine Elegance, Style, and Economy. Ladies' Morning Attire. Street Dress. Young Ladies' Attire. The Apparel of Older Ladies. Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Stockings, etc. The Relation of Colors. Effect of Tight Lacing, etc. Cleansing and Washing. Dresses. To Perfume Linen. To Extract Grease Spots. To Prevent Moths. The Art of Conversing with Fluency and Propriety. How to Treat Flattery. How to Address Young Gentlemen. Speaking of One's Self. Things, Words, and Sayings to be Avoided. Art of Correct and Elegant Letter-Writing. Useful Hints and Rules for Letter Writers. Style of Addressing Different Persons. Models or Plans for Various Letters. Elegant Fancy Needle Work. Bracelets. A Pretty Lace Collar. Embroidery in its Various Modes. Stitches on Muslin and Lace. Composition for Drawing Patterns. The Art of Millinery and Dress-making. Effect of Bonnets on the General Appearance. Facts and Rules in Dressmaking. . &c., &c., &c.

DERBY & JACKSON, PUBLISHERS, 119 Nassau Street, N. Y.

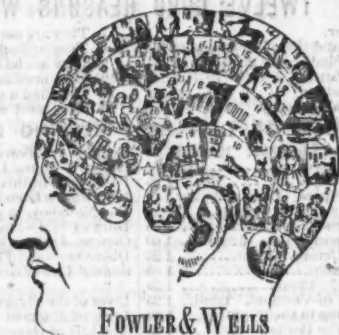
 Copies Sent by Mail, post paid, on Receipt of Price.

'The Proper Study

of Mankind is Man.' 65

PHRENOLOGY

"KNOW THYSELF"



No. 308

BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

PROFESSIONAL

EXAMINATIONS

Day and Evening.

FOWLER & WELLS

NAMES AND NUMBERS OF THE ORGANS.

1. AMATIVENESS.—Sexual love, fondness, attraction, etc.
2. CONJUGAL LOVE.—Union for life, the perfect husband.
3. PARENTAL LOVE.—Care of offspring, and all young.
4. FRIENDSHIP.—Sociality, union and clinging of friends.
5. FAMILIARITY.—Love of home and country, (ness).
6. CONTINUITY.—Application, finishing up, consecutive.
7. VITATIVENESS.—Clinging to life, repelling disease.
8. COMBATIVENESS.—Defense, resolution, force, courage.
9. DESTRUCTIVENESS.—Extermination, severity, harshness.
10. ALIMENTIVENESS.—Appetite, relish, feeding, greed.
11. ACQUISITIVENESS.—Pecuniary, saving, industry, thrift.
12. SECRETIVENESS.—Self-control, policy, tact, artifice.
13. CAUTIONIVENESS.—Guardedness, safety, provision, fear.
14. APPREHENSIVENESS.—Love of character, name, praise.
15. SELF ESTEEM.—Self-respect, dignity, self-reliance, independence.
16. FIRMNESS.—Stability, perseverance, decision, persistence.
17. CONSEQUENTIIVENESS.—Sense of right, justice, duty, etc.
18. HOPE.—Expectation, anticipation, trust in the future.
19. SPIRITUALITY.—Initiation, piety, devotion, faith.
20. VENERATION.—Worship, adoration, devotion, reverence.
21. BENEVOLENCE.—Sympathy, kindness, goodness.
22. CONSTRUCTIVENESS.—Ingenuity, mental skill, (ment).
23. IDEALITY.—Taste, love of beauty, poetry, and refinement.
24. SUBLIMITY.—Love of the grand, vast, endless, and sublime.
25. IMITATION.—Copying, mimicry, doing like (indulge).
26. MIRTH.—Fun, wit, ridicule, facetiousness, joking.
27. IDEALITY.—Observation, desire to see and know.
28. FORM.—Memory of shape, looks, persons, and things.
29. SIZE.—Measurement of quantity, distance, etc., by eye.
30. WEIGHT.—Control of motion, balancing, hurrying, etc.
31. COLOR.—Discernment and love of colors, tints, hues, etc.
32. ORDER.—Method, system, going by rule, keeping things.
33. CALCULATION.—Men at arithmetic, reckoning, in place.
34. LOCALITY.—Memory of places, position, etc., (tells, etc.).
35. EVENTUALITY.—Memory of facts, events, history, etc.
36. TIME.—Telling when, time of day, dates, how long, etc.
37. TUNE.—Love of music, singing and playing by ear.
38. LANGUAGE.—Expression by words, acts, tones, looks, etc.
39. CASUALTY.—Foresight, thinking, reasoning, adapting.
40. COMPARISON.—Analysis, inferring, discrimination, etc.
41. HUMAN NATURE.—Perception of character, motives, etc.
42. SENSITIVITY.—Pleasantness, blandness, persuasiveness.

PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS AND ADVICE, with Chara and Written Descriptions of Character, when desired, by FOWLER AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

We publish the following POPULAR and SCIENTIFIC JOURNALS:

THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

A Repository of Science, Literature, and General Intelligence, devoted to Phrenology, Education, Mechanism, Architecture, and to all those Progressive Measures which are calculated to Reform, Elevate, and Improve Mankind. Illustrated with numerous portraits and other engravings. A beautiful Quarto, suitable for binding. Published monthly at One Dollar a Year in advance.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL.—Devoted to Hydrotherapy, its Philosophy and Practice; to Physiology and Anatomy, with illustrative engravings; to Dietetics, Exercise, Clothing, Occupations, Amusements, and those Laws which govern Life and Health. \$1 a Year.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED: A Journal of Entertainment, Improvement, and Progress. To illustrate Life in all its forms and aspects, to discuss the leading ideas of the day, to record all signs of Progress, to advocate the Political and Industrial Rights of all classes, to point out all legitimate means of Economy and Profit, and to encourage a spirit of

Hope, Activity, Self-Reliance, and Manliness

among the People; are some of the objects aimed at in this Journal; and possessing superior facilities for doing so, we shall rest satisfied with nothing short of making LIFE ILLUSTRATED one of the very best family newspapers in the world. Published weekly at Two Dollars a Year.

For THREE DOLLARS, a copy of each of these three Journals will be sent a year to one address.

Please address FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

A CORRECT PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATION

Teaches us SCIENTIFICALLY, the most useful of all knowledge, our own selves, our defects, and how to obviate them; our natural talents, and thereby in what pursuits we can and cannot succeed; discloses to parents their Children's innate capabilities, callings, dispositions, defects, and means of improvement; nor can as little money be spent on them as profitably as in learning their PHRENOLOGY—enables Business Men to choose reliable partners and customers; Merchants, Confidential Clerks; Mechanics, Apprentices having natural GIFTS for particular branches; Shipmasters, good Crews; and ALL, desirable associates; guides matrimonial candidates in selecting congenial life companions; shows the married how to adapt themselves to each other; can be made the very best of all instrumentalities of personal perfection and happiness; and can be obtained here at a trifling cost.

FOWLER & WELLS,
PHRENOLOGISTS, No. 318 BROADWAY, N. Y.

STRANGERS will find a visit to our FREE MUSEUM pleasant and profitable.

